So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
A flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloody ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayd thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred friends ſhould dwell vpon
God giue leiſure of theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.
Rich, Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow:
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more goodnight kind Lords, and Gentlemen. *Exeunt*
O thou whoſe captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with heauy fall,
The vſurping helmet of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſticement:
That we may praiſe thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me ſtill,

Enter the ghoſt of Prince Edward, ſonne to Henry the 6,
Ghoſt to K. *Ric.* Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: diſpaire and dye.
To *Rich.* Be chearefull *Richmond*, for the wronged ſoules

Of

Of butchered Princes fight in th
King *Henries* iſſue *Richmond* co
Enter the Ghoſt of He
Ghoſt to K. *Richard.* When I
By thee was punched full of ho
Thinke on the Tower, and me; d
Harry the ſixt bids thee deſpair
To Rich. Vertuous and holy, be
Harry that Propheſied thou ſh
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe
Enter the Ghoſt of
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauy on thy
I that was waſht to death with
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile bet
To morrow in the battell thin
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, de
To Rich. Thou off-ſpring of the h
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do
Good Angels guard thy battell,
Enter the Ghoſt of Riuers,
Riu. Let me ſit heauy on thy
Riuers, that died at *Pomfret*, deſ
Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*,
Let fall thy launce, deſpaire and
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke o
Will conquer him, awake and w
Enter the Ghoſt of L. H
Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty, guilti
And in a bloody battell end thy
Thinke on Lord *Haſtings* diſpair
To Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſou
Arme, fight and conquer for fair
Enter the Ghoſt of two
Ghoſt. Dreame on, thy couſins ſ
Let vs be layd within thy boſo
And Weigh thee downe to ruin
Thy Nephews ſoules bid thee di
To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond* ſleepe

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